THE Triumphs of PEACE, OR, THE GLORIES OF NASSAW.

A

Pindarick Poem.

Occasioned by the *Conclusion of the Peace* between the *Confederacy* and *France.*

Written at the time of His Grace the Duke of ORMOND's Entrance into *Dublin* in *Ireland,*

By Mr. JOHN HOPKINS.

——Innumeris melior Pax una Triumphis.

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THE Design of this Poem, begins (after the Method of Pindar) to one great Man, and rises to another; first touches the Duke, then celebrates the Actions of the King, and so returns to the Praises of the Duke again. Thus the Muses, playing on their Lyres, to make up Harmony, first strike one, and then another String.

ERRATA.

P. 8. v. 4. r. *God's*. p. 28. v. 5. r. , after *Banks*. p 35. v. ult. for *World*. r. *Globe*. p. 38. v. 9. r. *Fears*. p. 64. v. 6. r. *come*. p. 65. v. 6. r. *Sight*.

To the truly Honourable

The Lord CUTTS.

LET ſome with, ſervile, mean Devices bow,
And bend their Souls, as well as Bodies, low;
Flatter the Great, cringe deep, to gain Eſteem,
And by their own Diſhonour, honour them.
By Wiles like theſe, new Favours, poorly claim;
I pay your Lordſhip, but what's paid by Fame.
'Tis through your Merits, not my own, I chooſe
Thus to ſalute you by my riſing Muſe;

Not fawning low, like others muſt ſhe ſue,
She muſt fly up, to pay Reſpect to you.
Let others ſpread their Patron's Feathers far,
The Toys of Peace, your Laurels ſpread thro' War.
Some Pride in Wreaths, which bolder Arms have made,
But your own conquering Hands have deckt your Head.
To you, my Lord, a double Crown is due,
At once the Hero, and the Poet too.
Since NASSAW's Actions ſtill remain untold,
While *Dryden* lives; immortal; yet he's old.
'Tis you, we hope, will make them far ador'd,
And ſerve him with your Pen, as well as Sword.
Beyond his Trumpets Clangors, make them known,

Name

Name NASSAW's Acts, and all muſt know
your own.

With Powers unequal, I the Task reſign,

A Task too great for any Strength, — but
thine.

What other Genius can our Sovereign chooſe?

War's your Delight, *Bellona* is your Muſe.

Your Pen and Sword with like Succeſs you
wield,

Fam'd thro' your Study, glorious thro' the
Field.

With the ſame vigour and impulſe of thought,

Now may you write, as thro' the Plains you
fought.

In the Attempt, tho' my weak Genius fail,

Be pleas'd at leaſt, to recommend my Zeal.

Unknown, this Favour dare I humbly claim,

Unknown to you, my Lord, unknown to
Fame.

I, like thoſe Soldiers, which in War you led,
Diſdain to fear, while I have you, my Head;
Your well-rais'd Greatneſs my Succeſs ſecures,
I grow aſſur'd of Fame, by truſting yours.
Great both in Arts and Arms; our *Jove*, in you,
Secures his Lightning, and his Thunder too.
Thus, ſhou'd your Judgment my Preſumption blame,
Pleas'd ſhall this *Semele* expire in Flame;
To you, my Lord, moſt fit, this Suit I move,
You, who are plac'd at the Right Hand of *Jove*.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

I.

BEhold my Muſe uncall'd appear,
Hear her glad Voice, unask'd ſhe ſings,
And Lo! The Muſes all are here,

Flutt'ring they beat their ſilver Wings,
Hark, how they ſtrike the tuneful Strings,
No jarring Notes are found,
No Diſcord here is heard,
Their peaceful Muſick's ſo prepar'd,
Harmony dwells in every ſingle ſound:
Without the Muſes aid,
Soft, charming Ayres would now be made,
And ev'n of themſelves the willing Strings would bound.

II.

The willing Strings, well-pleas'd, rejoyce,
At every touch they ſtraight grow proud,
And

And tell their raviſhing Delights aloud.
In equal meaſures they advance;
See, how they riſe, and ſeem to dance,
To the ſweet Muſick of their tuneful Voice.
No murm'ring Ecchoes do they raiſe,
But each, when newly ſtruck, complains
In fainting, and in dying ſtrains,
And trembling Fears his rival's pow'r to pleaſe.
See, now reviv'd, afreſh they move,
How ſtrangely they controul,
And raiſe ſoft Muſick in my Soul!
Leſs charming let your Numbers prove,
Ye Siſters, uſe a gentler ſtrain,
My Heart is ſure the Lyre you ſtrike,

Its riſing Strings bound quick alike,
And thro' exceſs of Pleaſure, now I feel a Pain.

III.

O no, I ſhould not bid you ceaſe,
Loud as the Trumpet ſounds his Fame,
Do ye his Virtues too proclaim,
Loud as the People's Voice—'tis glorious ORMOND's Name.
Sing ORMOND's Name afar,
Next mighty NASSAW, great in War.
All, all ye Nine the Theme embrace,
And far above War's Triumphs, raiſe the Triumphs of their Peace.

Since

Since Ormond came, hush't is loud Battel's
Noise,

Long time *Bellona* was engag'd,

In dreadful Storms the Goddess rag'd.

But now the horrid Tempest's ore,

Spent is the thund'ring Ocean's Voice,

And the same Winds which made the Bil-
lows roar,

Now serve to lull them on the shore,

We know no Tumults here, but our tu-
multuous Joys.

IV.

When flaming Bolts around us fly,

A while we view a cloudy Sky;

Extreams breed Thunder in the Air;
Nor know the Clouds to hold
The jarring Seeds of Heat and cold.
Thus too our Region does appear,
With Britiſh fiery Rage, and Gallick chilly Fear.

But ORMOND does this Ill remove,
ORMOND, the dreaded Thunder of our *Jove.*
And now the horrid ſhock is ore,
The Cold and Heat ſo temper'd here,
The Skyes are all ſerene and clear.
The Tempeſt laid with ſhow'rs of Blood,
O'erflowing *Europe* with their Flood,

Till

Till *Gallia*'s Thunder grumbled that it durſt
not roar.

V.

Strike Muſes, ſtrike your tuneful Strings,
Hark how the Accent quickly dyes,
Now clap again your joyful Wings,
The Notes, reviv'd, more loud I hear,
Juſt ſo our Nations do appear,
And we, like them were ſtruck, that we
might higher riſe.
See how the ſacred Siſters play,
Behold how wantonly they fly,
Beneath the Azure Sky;

To airy Meaſures ſinging all the way.
Wings to their Shoulders and their Feet
are bound,
Their Beauties ſhining heav'nly bright
As their Gods radiant Beams appear,
Their Heads with peaceful Garlands
crown'd,
Baskets of Roſes on their Arms they bear;
Now on ſome *Tempe* they alight,
(For all our Fields deſerve that Name,
Since ORMOND to *Hibernia* came,)
And now when firſt they touch the
Ground,
They ſtrike their Lyres, which loudly ſound,
And Lo! *Apollo*'s ſelf, their mighty God is
here.

VI. Their

VI.

Their mighty God, ſurrounded all with Rays,
Not crown'd with Laurels, nor with Bays,
Poſſeſs'd, and raviſh'd with Poetick Fire,
(Such vigorous Heats our Joys inſpire)
Deſcends, and artfully he plays,
Harmonious, moving, melting Lays,
Not on his own, but on *Hibernia*'s Lyre.
Charm'd with the Muſick he begun,
Now does he all his Skill employ
And ſwift to new Diviſions run,
Outragious with his Pleaſure grown,

He

He finds that Lyre excel his own:
Fierce with the Torrents of exceſſive Joy,
The God grows warmer now, than when
he guides the Sun.

VII.

Not his own Prieſteſſes inſpir'd,
Were with ſuch Fury on their *Tripos* fir'd;
The foaming Virgin's ſacred Breaſt
Was but with dubious Oracles oppreſt,
Her Words, diſtorted as her Face, did come,
Long ſtraining into Doubt,
The frothy Oracle preſs'd out,
And all ſhe utter'd prov'd to be but uſeleſs
Foam.

Her

Her Soul, tho with *Apollo* fill'd,
No glimpſe of radiant Truth beheld,
Her Speech did all in wild diſorder run,
Breath'd out in clouds of Smoak it came,
With ſcarce a flaſh of Flame,
Dark, yet by *Phœbus* too inſpir'd, by *Phœbus* ſelf, the Sun.

VIII.

Hark now, how loud he ſtrikes his Lyre,
'Tis great, 'tis God-like NASSAW's Praiſe,
The ſweet, harmonious Numbers raiſe,
None but *Apollo* here,

(With

(With Strings, which bright as his own beams
appear,
With Strings, whoſe ſound can ne'r expire,)
Is fit the ſacred Acts to ſing,
(Which on the wings of Glory rode,)
Of mighty *Britain*'s mightier King,
Of *Britain*'s King!---O no—of *Britain*'s God,
Not with his own poſſeſt, but with more
heav'nly Fire.

IX.

Hear, hear the Sounds repeated oft,
All piercing, yet all charming ſoft,

Juſt

Juſt ſo NASSAW, both fierce and mild,
Tho pow'rful as a God, ſeems gentle as a Child.

Thus Heav'n grows calm, which late did pour
Inceſſant Storms, inceſſant Rain,
Againſt whoſe Bolts no Force can ſtand,
Now thund'ring with a furious Show'r
Upon the fenceleſs Plain,
Now daſhing Seas which loudly roar,
And eccho Thunder on the ſhore,
And tearing Hills and Mountains, ſolid Waves of Land.

X.

See, ſee, each Muſe forſakes her Lyre,
Behold, behold, they all advance,
And round their God *Apollo* dance;
Hark how the Lyres themſelves play on,
Tho ev'ry Muſe is from them gone,
So fierce, and laſting were their Notes, they knew not to expire.

Juſt of ſuch nature were the Sounds of War,
So hard great NASSAW ſtruck the ſtrings,
(But thoſe of Battel loudly jar)
A while in ſhrill Returns their diſmal Eccho rings.

So long that dreaded Hero play'd,

We

We fear'd he knew not how to ceaſe,
But now, ſweet Muſick of our diſcord made,
He lulls our Diff'rence into Peace.
Jove's Fury laſts till all his Thunder's ore,
But NASSAW holds when he might thunder more,
And Harmony creates ev'n from his Cannons Roar.

XI.

Behold a gentle Dove appears,
And flutt'ring round *Apollo*'s head,
Its ſoft cerulean Wings does ſpread,
And in its Bill a branch of Olives bears.

The

The mighty Oceans once inrag'd,
A dreadful War againſt the Mountains wag'd,
Their Billows ſwelling always more,
Which with a loud, inſulting Roar,
Laſh'd with their frothy Pride the ſhore,
And foam'd for Anger, roll'd and curl'd,
Oreflowing now unwonted Land,
While nothing could their Force withſtand,
But free as Winds, diſdain'd their Girdle of the Sand.
Trophies and Spoils along with them they hurl'd,
And rode in noiſie Triumph o'er the delug'd World.

XII.

XII.

The Floods retir'd, the peaceful Dove,
(That Silver Meſſenger of Love)
Took its kind flight to ſearch for Ground,
Which quickly now it found,
For God's fierce fiery Wrath was in the Waters drown'd.

So, late o'erwhelm'd with Floods of War,
Whoſe Tides came rolling on afar,
Preſenting here triumphant Hills,
There gaping Graves between the Rills,
While Winds proclaim'd the Strife, and made the Billows jar.

We now behold the Bird appear,
An Olive-Branch we ſee her bear,
Which with looſe wanton Pride ſhe flouriſhes in Air.

We view no more the bloody Main,
For now ſo great an Ebb is known,
No ſpringing Tides can riſe again,
Nassaw, more pow'rful than the Moon,
Ev'n while his Orb of Glory's greater grown,
Lays the inſulting Deluge ſoon;
Death's dreadful Gulph may roar in vain,
This mightier Planet can increaſe, yet never feel a wain.

XIII.

XIII.

This mightier Planet, whom the Sun
Could ne'er in glorious Toils out-run.
Like that great Light, about the World
The ſhining Glories of NASSAW diffuſively are hurl'd.
The darkeſt, the remoteſt Coaſt
Reſounds with Ecchoes of the Name,
And, wrapt in everlaſting Froſts, can boaſt
A vig'rous daring Warmth reflected by his Fame.
His Fame, whoſe influencing Heat inſpires,

Thoſe Confines of the Globe which cannot
view his Fires.

Juſt like that Radiant God he roſe,
Whoſe beamy Pencil paints the Skies,
Climbing o'er Mountains by degrees,
He gilds his way, where'er he goes,
Beneath him far he quickly ſees
Each Hill, which to his view low as the
Valleys lies.
His Courſe of War a Triumph ſhows,
And mildly ſtill he ſmiles upon his cloudy
Foes.

XIV.

XIV.

His cloudy Foes, approaching near,
By their Alliance now grow clear,
And, ſhould they ever blackly form
Another horrid thund'ring Storm,
Their dreadful Jars only themſelves would tear.
So he who made the brazen Bull before,
Himſelf inclos'd, firſt taught it how to roar,
While NASSAW's Sunſhine warms our Iſle,
All Nature's works appear to ſmile.
Britain, tho waſht with the deſtroying Flood,

Is truly *Albion* now, made whiter ev'n by
Blood.

Her chalky Cliffs ſhine with his Rays more
bright,

He makes our Day, and wanting him
'tis Night.

Late (gracious Heav'n!) ah! very late
May he be ſeen beneath,

Submitting ſlowly ev'n to Fate,

And ſetting calmly in the Seas of Death.

Left Clouds and Storms the Univerſe o'er-
ſpread,

When this great Sun deſcends, let not your
Skies be red.

XV.

Then Nature's Courſe would backwards turn,
Her Pulſe diſorderly would beat,
Inrag'd with new, diſtemper'd Heat,
And with fantaſtick Fury wildly burn.
This Frame of Union here.
Which now turns regularly round,
And like the firſt Creation does appear,
While Time's fixt Wheels move gently on,
Soon as they ſeem more faſt to run,
Would, like a ſhatter'd Watch, be quickly all unwound.

Soon diff'ring Elements would jar,
And ſtrait this peaceful quiet World,
More dreadfully involv'd in War,
Would be, thro' wild Confuſion to a Chaos hurl'd.

XVI.

But NASSAW, after his Deceaſe,
Secures us with a laſting Peace.
His greater Genius will our Iſles defend,
And, when in Heav'n, he will be *Britain*'s Friend.
Yet ſure on Earth he muſt immortal grow,
At leaſt we think and wiſh him ſo.

His

His glorious Actions too combine,
(And great Exploits which ſoar'd ſo high,)
To prove the Hero all divine,
As if he was aſſur'd he could not die.
His Preſervation here below,
The Omnipreſence of Heav'n's King may ſhow.
In Paths of Danger, foremoſt on he rode,
The Lord of Battels was this Warrior's God.

XVII.

O that I could ſuch Numbers raiſe
As might ſuſtain his Praiſe.

But

But my weak Muſe ſtarts at the Sound of War.

Unpractis'd thus to ſoar,

She cannot fly ſo far,

And dreads the very Repetition of the Cannon's Roar.

Long us'd in Groves,

To fonder Loves.

And only am'rous Fights to ſing,

She cannot bear

To Heav'n the Hero thro' the Air,

His Trophies and his Spoils would tire her tender Wing.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Declaring the immortal Fame,
Of *Britain*'s God-like Thund'rer's Name,
I ſhould my ſelf immortal grow;
Immortal? yes, I muſt be ſo.
Ye Daughters, ſprung from Memory, appear,
And call to mind great NASSAW's Actions here.
Without your Aid, ſhould you deny,
His Actions cannot in Oblivion lye,
Nor they nor their Renown can dye.

In

In after Ages Shades ſhall hear,

(The Shades of Chiefs, which here were bold,)

All liſt'ning with attentive Ear,

Yet trembling too, with awful Fear,

Ev'n on black *Lethe*'s Banks the Wonders of our Hero told.

The Muſes Weakneſs I muſt here refuſe,

They, nor their God can bear my Flight, let Glory be my Muſe.

XIX.

Be gone, you fooliſh, lambent Flame,

Which warm'd me, when I dwelt in Groves,

And

And got among the Swains a Name,
For ſinging Youths and Virgins Loves.
Such painted Fires now diſappear,
For they avail not here,
To light me on the Road to Fame.
I feel, I feel my ſwelling Breaſt
Is with a noble Rage poſſeſt;
A noble Rage in all my Parts does rowl,
Now, quick as Light'ning, thro' my Veins it flyes,
And flaſhes at my Eyes,
And thunders in my Soul.

XX.

O could the fierce Emotions of my Thought

Live like NASSAW's, when in the Field he fought.

Then, then I ſhould be fit to raiſe

Due Trophies to our Conquerour's Praiſe.

My fiery Fancy I would here diſpoſe

To flaſh thro' all my Words, as he did thro' his Foes.

It ſhould, like Victory, his Tracks purſue,

Which

Which, clapping her unwearied Wings,
Still joyful, ore his Standards flew,
And learnt to ſoar, while as ſhe ſoars, ſhe ſings.

I, thus inſpir'd, ſhould every Foe ſubdue,
And gain, like NASSAW's ſelf, a Crown of Laurel too.

XXI.

Hail, Mighty Monarch! *Britain*'s King!
Thy Glories Fame
Shall thro' the Univerſe proclaim;
The Univerſe ſhall with thy Praiſes ring.

Far

Far as thy Navy's ſpreading Wings can
ſoar,

Which is wherever Oceans roar,

Far as thy Guns are heard, whoſe Thun-
der ecchoes more.

Far as the Winds themſelves can fly,

Shall NASSAW's Name be born—the ve-
ry Winds ſhall bear it to the Sky.

Fame can't enough thy Acts declare,

Tho' ſhe ſhould uſe the Trumpets of thy
War.

While ſome ſmall Hero's Honour, when
he dyes,

Beneath the Rubbiſh of ſome City lyes,

Thy greater, and more ſtrong Renown,

When thou laid'ſt ſiege to any Town,

Ev'n

Ev'n from the Ruins of the Place would
more exalted riſe.

And by the bleſt Event we ſee,

The ſame proud Walls, which dar'd thy
Arms oppoſe,

Fell, to raiſe Monuments of Fame, for thee,

Of Death, for thy deluded Foes.

XXII.

Thoſe ſpreading Laurels thou haſt now
brought home,

Have, with their Shade, for ever darken'd
Rome.

Rome, whoſe bold Arms once round the
Earth were hurl'd,

Whilſt on her ſeven great Hills high rais'd
ſhe ſtood,

Her Hills, then ſwell'd to Mountains with
her Pride,

And view'd her vaſſal'd Earth, and her ſub-
jected Flood;

While all the World was *Rome*, and *Rome*
was all the World.

Whate'r was compaſs'd by the ambient
Tide,

All the big Ocean graſps in his long
Arms,

Was won by warlike *Rome*'s Alarms,

But ſoon this Miſtreſs of the Earth grown
vain,

Proud of the Trophies which her Cham-
pions won,

Fell

Fell by the weight of her own Spoils preſt down,

Her Triumphs for her Conqueſts conquer'd her again.

XXIII.

Such Favours to her Slaves ſhe gave,

They would ungratefully make her a Slave,

And Rivals for her Empire grown,

Vanquiſhing her, themſelves were vanquiſh'd ſoon.

She, that proud City, which the World laid waſt,

Subduing all the World, ſubdu'd her ſelf at laſt.

Now, her own Hills her Monuments appear,

And that which *Rome* we call,

Is great in nothing but her Fall,

Seven Hills at firſt did all her Greatneſs bear,

But, form'd of ruin'd Heaps, how many now are there!

Unleſs devouring Time, more greedy grown,

(*Rome*, of all welcome Pomp bereft,)

In ſpight of Stone,

Has eat thoſe hard Remains, which ſhe before had left.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Nought elſe, but *Tyber*, haſt'ning to its Fall,
Is now apparent of that mighty all.
Swift thro' Time's Jaws ſecure it runs,
And where its rapid Torrents come,
Mourning the Ruins of its *Rome*,
In it's proud Courſe it murmurs ore the ſcatter'd Stones.
Tyber remains, while *Rome's* ſtrong Towers decay,
What's fleeting laſts, what's laſting fleets away.
That City, whoſe Foundation ſtood

On Paracidal Blood,
Was ſunk at laſt with the like ſanguine Flood.
Sunk from its glorious, warlike Toils,
To mean Devices, and religious Wiles.
When tumbled down beneath us low,
She thought to undermine us ſo,
And ſprung her Mines; but with Pretences giv'n,
(Tho' deep as Hell) to blow us up to Heaven.

XXV.

But Godlike NASSAW does our Fear remove,
(If ever *Britain* knew to fear,

Tho

Tho' *Rome*, and with it, Hell were near.)

The Eccho of his Cannons roars

On the far diſtant *Roman* Shoars.

And if their Rock-built Capitol now ſtood,

How would it ſhake the nodding Load;

Tott'ring, and trembling, it might ſerve to prove

Our Thund'rer greater than its Guardian *Jove.*

He lays their City waſt afar,

Tho' built by the fierce Off-ſpring of the God of War.

More dreaded than their *Carthaginian* Foe,

He does at once thro' Rocks and Oceans go.

Our greater *Hannibal* they find can come

Without a Paſſage ore the *Alps*, to *Rome*.
This God like Hero, with a Flood
Not of Vinegar, but Blood,
Had there obtain'd a ſpeedier Paſſage ſo,
Tore with his Cannons Ball the Rocks, and melted with their Fire the Snow.

XXVI.

As once the bold, prodigious Sons of Earth,
Puft up with Minds as monſtrous as their Form,
Which gave their grand Preſumption birth,
Seem'd well aſſur'd the Throne of *Jove* to ſtorm;

And with a dreadful Conflict ſtrove,
Themſelves the greater Gods to prove,
Till *Hercules* with needful Aid,
Struck with his Father's Bolts the haughty Rebels dead.

They fell, with Thunder blaſted on the Plain,
And at their Fall, — the Earth in Ecchoes thunder'd back again.

So Giant-*Rome* rais'd her proud Front ſo high,
Her ſwelling Bulk grown on her Hills ſo vaſt,
The impious Monſter ſeem'd at laſt
To dare to offer Combat to the Sky:
But on her Head NASSAW hot Vengeance drove,
NASSAW, the Hopes of Heaven, and *Hercules* of a more real *Jove*.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Our mighty Hero onward came,
Beyond *Alcides* in the Road to Fame.
More than Twelve Labours he ſuſtain'd,
His God-like Courage has orecome
That much more monſtrous *Hydra*, *Rome*,
And on his Shoulders Heav'n has truly lean'd.
Far ore the Globe his Conqueſts have been hurl'd,
He cleans this vaſt *Augean* Stable of the World.
ORMOND and CUTS his Pillars roſe,
To ſet a *Ne plus ultra* only to his Foes.

So

So firm they bore their Monarch's Cauſe abroad,
That each deſerv'd to be a King—but great NASSAW a God.

XXVIII.

NASSAW, the pious, as the great,
Who only conquers with deſign to treat.
Forms, and then gains, like Providence, his Ends,
He undergoes no fruitleſs Toyl,
His Warlike Cannons can't recoyl.
Succeſs his Actions ſtill attends;
From Seas of Blood he riſes bright,

And

And round the Globe diſpenſes peaceful Light.

No wild Ambition led him on,

Nor did he climb, but ſtoop'd to *Britain*'s Throne,

And ſought not to enſlave his Foes, but to redeem his Friends.

His pious Pray'rs from Heav'n bring Bleſſings down,

Bleſſings, the nobleſt Jewels of a Crown.

His glorious Conſort, ſince her late remove,

Has interceded for theſe Iſles above.

A pleaſing Influence does her Sweetneſs bear,

Still ore her Sacred Monarch here,

And fills his Soul with Thoughts of Peace and Love.

Revolving

Revolving Pleaſures muſt in *Albion* ſpring,
While ſhe's our Saint above, and he below,
our King.

XXIX.

Behold *Britannia* riſing from the Flood,
Her chalky Cliffs not bluſhing now with
Blood.
See how ſhe bounds upon the Seas,
Behold how wantonly ſhe plays,
The *Gordian* Knot NASSAW has broke,
Which was enſlav'd *Britannia's* Yoke.
See how ſhe dances on the Main,
See the triumphant Ocean's Pride,

Mark

Mark how the ſwelling Surges ride,
Behold the joyful Billows dance again,
And, with Exceſs of Joy grown vain,
Beyond the Pow'r of Tempeſts raiſe their Tide.

From the Strong-hold, which ſunk her, upwards hurld,
Britannia now is freed, and may invade the World.

XXX.

The Sun itſelf, oppreſt with cloudy Night,
Beneath the Floods ſecures his Light,
Britannia ſo beneath her Oceans lay,

But

But when she rises, all the World has Day.

A while the jarring Waves engag'd,
Awhile in thund'ring Storms they rag'd,
And gath'ring Skies a fatal Wreck presag'd.

The dreadful Seas were heard to roar,
Tossing the angry Froth they bore,
And their own Ecchoes answer'd on the shore.

With threat'ning Brows, and furious Pow'rs,
Each at the other proudly tow'rs;
But long they urge not on the Race,
Till calm with their own Fury grown,
Their flowing Amity is closer shown,
They run, and meet, and mingle, and embrace.

The

The Seas, long toſt by Storms, and thund'ring Skies,

Now from the Foam behold this *Venus* Iſle ariſe.

XXXI.

Nassaw's almighty Pow'r, next God's we view,

He the old World reforms,

Diſpels the Clouds and lays the Storms,

And only God himſelf can frame a new.

As when the rugged Chaos lay,

Deep huſh'd in Silence; her dark, pregnant Womb

Grown big with the great Birth to come,

Roll'd

Roll'd with a heavy Slowneſs on,

Pangs from the fighting Atoms does ſhe bear;

Till the great God of Light commanded Day;

Then do the mighty Offſprings riſe,

And to their Spheres they ſwiftly run,

The Globe, with its own Weight hangs pois'd amidſt the Skies.

And ſoon ſhe views with a maternal Care,

Her Elemental Twins, Earth, Water, Fire, and Air.

To its bright Orb the Sun is upwards hurl'd,

And with an Infant Smile ſhines on the neighb'ring World.

XXXII.

So gloomy *Europe* brooding War,
The ſeeds of Diſcord riper grown,
A long, long time aloud they jar.
Till God-like NASSAW's Pow'r was known;
At his dread Word the Work is done,
Their anxious Strife creates their Peace,
Their Diſagreements quickly ceaſe,
And all the ſeveral Orbs harmoniouſly move on.

Smiling *Britannia*, chaſing cloudy Night,

Round

Round the united Globe diſpenſes beamy
Light.

NASSAW, like God, a World of Peace
commands,

He ſpeaks the Word, Now let it be,

'Tis done; this World of Peace we ſee,

Diſplaying him who form'd it, bleſt it
ſtands,

Rais'd by its Maker's Breath, and faſhion'd
by his Hands.

XXXIII.

Now may glad *Halcyons* build on *Albion's*
Main,

And pleas'd *Aſtræa* viſit Earth again,

Now may the *Boyne* its Shores embrace,
Late dy'd with Blood of Heroes ſlain,
Its harraſs'd Waves ſhall now have Peace,
Now may it flow with Cryſtal ſtreams
Gentle as thoſe of Silver *Thames*,
And ſacred Poets on its Banks may be
inſpir'd in Dreams.
Thoſe Banks where glorious NASSAW
ſtood,
When, viewing with Diſdain the Terrors
of the Flood,
He look'd, and fought, and conquer'd
like a God.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

Dreadfully loud, from ſhore to ſhore,
The frighted Billows join to help the Cannons roar.
Souldiers, and Chiefs renown'd, expire,
By Waters ſome, and ſome by the deſtructive Fire.
Behold where conqu'ring NASSAW wades,
Behold how glorioufly he leads,
In vain the River ebbs, in vain
It rolls its Current to the Main,
To yield him paſſage as he treads,
With purple Torrents ſtrait it ſwells again.

NASSAW, illuſtriouſly great,
Purſues his Foes, and drives before him Fate.
See the already alter'd Flood,
View the red Waves, the Waves grow red with Blood.
Our Hero more than *Iſrael's* Chief performs,
Like him he ſafely makes his Way
Thro' the deſtroying Surges of the Sea,
And faces Thunder, and encounters Storms,
With his commanding Sword, inſtead of Rod,
He triumphs ſtill, ſecur'd by *Iſrael's* pow'rful God.

XXXV.

XXXV.

The leading Prophet, at his People's head,
Before the Hoſt of cruel *Pharaoh* fled.
On heaps the wond'ring Billows ſtood,
While guarded *Iſrael* paſs'd beneath,
Secur'd, ev'n by the Terrors of the Flood,
And ſav'd amidſt the gaping Jaws of Death.
Bulwarks of Waves the trembling People view.
The barb'rous Foe, outragious, does purſue,
And now the frighted Waters tremble too.

Now *Pharaoh*'s Hosts within the Floods appear,

And the *Red Sea* grows pale with Fear;

But soon the conscious Billows tumbling ore,

With their strong Torrent, down his swallow'd Army bore.

Just like the Waves, which their curst Force controul'd,

The tott'ring Souldiers ore each other roul'd.

Sunk in the Gulph, they roar at Heav'n in vain,

And as it join'd — the big, insulting Deluge roar'd again.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

But NASSAW flies not from his Foes,
What Mortals dare, ſhould NASSAW fly, purſue!
In Waves he marches with his Armies on;
The Waters part not, but he leads them through!
Here undivided Heaps of tow'ring Seas,
Make not more eaſie, but obſtruct his ways,
Securely bold, where'er he goes.
By his own Providence the Work is done,
Sav'd by no God-like Wonders, — but his own.

The

The Souldiers much, and much the Waters bore,

Preſs'd with a pond'rous Load of Fate, they roar.

The worſted Foe, like them with ſtorms oppreſt,

Heave up their troubled, panting Breaſt.

Aloud their Cries reſound from ſhore to ſhore,

O'erwhelm'd by NASSAW's conqu'ring Squadrons, more,

Than they themſelves were with the Seas before.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Behold the Waters painted gay with Blood,
Behold the great Nassaw appear,
Like *Alexander* in the *Grannick* Flood,
Behold the rapid, boist'rous Streams;
While *Britain*'s Chief fierce Bolts does bear,
The Billows seem to flash out Flames,
By Waves of Seas are Squadrons hurld,
And Waves of Smoak rowl o'er the Surges curl'd.
Slaughter o'er Head, all terrible appears,
Poison and Famine, Sword and Fire she bears.

With

With dire, and deadly gaping Jaws,

With ſulph'rous Breath, and Blood-ſhot Eyes,

Thoſe Miſchiefs at her Throat ſhe draws,

Firſt ſwallows them, and then does roar,

She hungers, and ſhe thirſts for more,

Flapping her ſtubborn, Iron Wings, ſhe flies,

Grinning all horribly in Tears,

Glaring in Faces of the fall'n, and ſhrieking in their Ears.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

Darkneſs, and gloomy Horrour all con-
found,

Ten thouſand Fates on Billows brooding
ſit,

By ſeveral Deaths the Souldiers fall,

And wild Confuſion covers all.

Like the Sea's God great NASSAW rides,

And bears before him rolling Tides.

The very Waves, in Bulwarks, ſhield

That God-like Hero in the watry Field.

No angry Bullet can the Conqu'rour hit,

And

And ev'n by Danger he's ſecur'd from
Wound.

Swift tow'rds his Foes the hard'ſt urg'd Waves
are gone,

And he, the ſtronger Torrent, now comes
rolling on.

XXXIX.

Ruſhing apace, his Army pours,

Fierce as the Waves, which waſh the
ſhores.

He, like the tenth great Billow rais'd, ap-
pears,

And all before him down he bears.

Firm as a Rock, amidſt the Waves he
ſtands,

Unmov'd

Unmov'd with Tempeſts, and the Noiſe
Of the loud Ocean's dreadful Voice,
Daſhing inſulting Billows back upon the Lands.
Like gloomy Skies, behold the darken'd Flood,
Behold great NASSAW like the ruling God.
Hear Trumpets Clangors, all the loud Alarms,
See where the glorious Leader goes,
Behold NASSAW amidſt whole Clouds of Foes,
See how he lightens with his Eyes, and thunders with his Arms.

XL.

XL.

Behold how bravely now he plows his ways,
Thro' flaſhes of the Fire, and flaſhes of the Seas.
By their Almighty Chief led on,
What Wonders has his Army done!
The Sluce of Conqueſt drawn by NASSAW's Hands,
His Forces, like a Flood, came rolling on the Lands.
All furious, on the Squadrons move,
Now Blood and Slaughter fill the Plain,
And raiſe another River to be paſt again.

Great

Great Nassaw's dreadful Legions ſtorm'd,
And wond'rous God-like Acts perform'd,
Before them far their Foes they drove,
They were the flaming Bolts of their fierce, thund'ring *Jove*,

XLI.

Horror, and gloomy Flaſhes of dire Light,
Meet, and amaze, create, and yet confound the ſigh.
The eechoing Voice of the fir'd Cannons broke,
In gloomy Rolls of ſulph'rous Flame and Smoke,
Clouded the frighted Day, and made a dreadful Night.

Some Squadrons ſtand, and ſome retire,

But ſtrait they hear new-rais'd Alarms,

The neighb'ring Hills reſound, To Arms, to Arms.

Thoſe by the Sword are ſlain, and others by the Fire,

Helmets and Spears lye ſcatter'd on the ground,

Thick Clouds, which of the Duſt were made,

Are, with the Blood of thoſe who rais'd them, layd.

The warlike Steeds prance o'er the Plain,

And proudly toſs their Foam around,

But ſoon, their Riders falling from them ſlain,

They run confus'dly wild, and neighing back again.

Their

Their Squadrons broke, his Foes dread
NASSAW ſhun,
And with quick tremblings ſhake,---like their
own treach'rous Grounds, o'er which
they run.

XLII.

Great in Field-Battels, and in Sieges great,
The God-like Hero knows not to retreat,
The mighty *Hannibal*, ſo far renown'd,
Knew how to gain,
But all in vain,
Without his Brother's Aid, he could not
keep his ground.
Both in our Chief reviv'd we view,
For he gains Conqueſts, and maintains them
too.

The blooming Wreath for ever grows,
That once adorns great NASSAW's Brows.
The ſacred Laurel unconcern'd he wears,
No light'ning of his Foes is known,
Nor Bolts ſo dreaded as his own,
His ſpreading Crown ne'er ſhrinks at what War's Thunder dares.

XLIII.

God-like Succeſs his Purpoſes attend,
He could deliver, and he can defend.
His Conqueſts are as ſure his own,
As when ſome Bar which block'd the way,
Remov'd, to let the Waters play,

Inviting

Inviting now the powerful Torrent down,

The pow'rful Torrent rowls amain,

Along the ſteep deſcent of the vaſt Mountain born,

With Rocks, and Hills from their Foundations torn,

Bearing huge Trophies down, and deluging the Plain.

Victorious grown, the Waters rage no more,

Of laſting Conqueſt thus poſſeſt,

How fierce ſoe'er they ruſh'd before,

Now in triumphant Peace they reſt.

Thoſe Hills and Rocks which in the deep have layn,

Sunk with their own curſt Weight, can never riſe again.

XLIV.

His Arms NASSAW does with ſuch Prudence wield,

He makes his Sword at once his Sword, and Shield.

That Sword, which bulwark'd Towns have fear'd,

While Tow'rs have trembled, when aloft 'twas rear'd.

More fierce than batt'ring Rams it ſhakes their Walls,

Like dreadful Comets from afar,

Whereere 'tis ſeen, it threatens War,

And

And deſolate Ruine ſtalks behind, where e'r enrag'd it falls.

Thus at *Namur*, NASSAW, thy Siege was lay'd,
While Breaches, which thy Guns had made,
Were ſoon fill'd up with the thick rowling dead.

In vain, *Salmoneus* like, thy Foes
A while their brazen Hold maintain,
Deſp'rate their wild Ambition grows,
To dare to thunder on thee in the Plain,
Till thou, the real *Jove*, ſent thy deſtroying Thunder back again.

XLV.

From their ſtrong Battlements thy Foes are driven,

As if with Flaſhes, and with Bolts from Heaven.

Thy direful Bombs thro' Air's vaſt Regions fly,

Flaming with pregnant Vengeance thro' the Sky,

Hiſſing with thouſand Fates, by which poor Mortals dye.

Now, from their flight they fall beneath,

The Houſes, which ſecurity were thought,

Hav[e]

Have worſe Deſtruction on the People brought;

The Bombs the Roof, and Rafters rudely tore,

The Stones and Timber with them down they bore,

Breaking, they ſcatter'd into Death,

And now their very Safeguard hurts them more.

Down, with the Houſes, Deſolation comes,

And that, which brought them Death, prepar'd them Tombs.

XLVI.

XLVI.

Hark from that Battery, how the dreadful Balls
Knock at the Ramparts, and the Walls!
Behold, ſo wond'rous thick they fly,
They cannot now annoy,
Diſcharg'd, in mighty Heaps they lye,
Obſtructing only there the way,
Where other angry Bullets play,
And ſtop thoſe Breaches, which they ſhould deſtroy.
The teeming Cannons from the tott'ring Town,

Pour

Pour faſt their dreadful Off-Springs down,
Which, almoſt at the minute of their Birth,
Are ſtrait again intomb'd in Earth.
Now NASSAW thund'ring at his Army's Head,
Not in a Shower of Gold, but Lead,
Jove-like, reſiſtleſs bold he pours,
Into their ſtrong-built, brazen Tow'rs.
Where Victory lay, his *Danae*, conceal'd,
Luſhing, he fiercely woo'd, and as he woo'd, prevail'd.

XLVII.

XLVII.

Conquering, and triumphing at once, he comes,

With Trumpets Clangors, Cannons roar, and Drums.

Fast thro' the Streets rowls down a purple Flood;

(While NASSAW only minds the Fight,

Far from the pious Hero's sight.)

Mixt with the Groans of Soldiers, as they dye,

The Shrieks of ravish'd Virgins pierce the Sky,

And Swords of cruel Warriours blush with Blood.

Slaughter

Slaughter, and wild Confuſion damp the Town,

Till God-like NASSAW makes it all his own.

See the beſieg'd for Mercy call,

Their Gates now ſtop them flying more

Than ere they ſtopt their conquering Foes before.

Wild and diſtractedly they run,

The Soldiers Outrages to ſhun,

Ere univerſal Vengeance ſwallows all.

But the mild NASSAW ſtrait no Terrour wore,

And calm'd his Soldiers, and himſelf forbore,

Relenting soon, he gives the peaceful
Word,
And nobler Virtue shews,—knowing to
sheath as well as draw his Sword.

XLVIII.

The very Terrour of great NASSAW's
Name,
Resounds so dreadful on the Coasts of
Fame.
Where he decrees a Kingdom's Doom,
He need but go, appear, and overcome.
The high-fam'd *Jove*, whene'r he war'd,
But for his flaming Bolts was fear'd.

Loudly

Loudly renown'd for thoſe alone,
The dread *Phlegræan* Field he won,
With thoſe, and only thoſe he knew
The Giant Rebels to ſubdue,
But Godlike NASSAW more himſelf has done,
At once the Thund'rer, and the Thunder too.

XLIX.

Nor are his Conqueſts here confin'd to ſhore,
But known where'r his Guns upon the Billows roar.
Sprung in the *Prætor*'s Ship, 'tis ſaid of old,

The

The *Romans* could a Lawrel Branch behold,
In all NASSAW's without a Wonder now,
Surpriz'd Spectators of the Globe may ſee
That flouriſhing, victorious Tree,
And ſprinkled ſtill with Blood it would for ever grow.

Beyond what *Rome* could boaſt, his Navy flies,
It ſweeps the Oceans, and almoſt the Skies.
While *Britiſh* Streamers by the Winds are curl'd,
And Canvas Wings are ſpreading, all unfurl'd.
His Fleets are NASSAW's Eagles, which oreſly the World.

L.

L.

Each, like that Royal Bird above,
Bears the fierce Enſigns of the ruling *Jove.*
The fiery Youth, who thought to drive the Sun,
Would here much greater Raſhneſs ſhun,
From Flames ſo fatal he would fly,
Not daring to attempt this wat'ry Sky,
And ſwift, as NASSAW's Foes, would from it trembling run.
Thoſe Foes, whom *Britain* has the Pow'r to bind
To ask their mighty Monarch's Leave,

And humbly too the Grant receive,
To preſs the Ocean, and to uſe the Wind.
Nor Storms, nor Rocks they fear, nor dang'rous Shores,
Like thy dread Navy, when its Thunder roars.
Thy Fleets, great NASSAW, bear thy liquid ſway,
As abſolute they rule the Empire of the Sea,
As if the Univerſe were drown'd, and there were none upon the Globe, but they.

LI.

LI.

But now thy Fleet's, and Army's Pow'r may ceaſe,
Terrors in War, but Ornaments in Peace,
So, ere from Heav'n the great Apoſtate fell,
Seraphs with Hoſts *Satannick* fiercely rag'd,
And dreadful, dubious Wars they wag'd;
But the avengeful Godhead ſoon,
With Force peculiarly his own,
Struck the preſuming Rebel down,
And fix'd him in the depth of that vaſt Empire, Hell.

Seraphs again their Hallelujahs ſing,
His Pow'r divine ſecures his Throne,
He reigns, but in himſelf alone,
And by Omnipotence in Heav'n, remains its King.

LII.

No Force NASSAW can of his Glories rob,
Where'r he treads, he bends the Globe.
No Force can reach him, but the Force of Heav'n,
By which his Conqueſts, and his Pow'r of conqu'ring is giv'n.
Such Strength, ſuch Vigour did he ſhow,

Such

Such Tranſports raviſh'd Fortune feels,
To him alone ſhe will be conſtant now,
And her own Chariot quits, to follow
NASSAW's Wheels.

The World by hoſtile Rage he could ſub-
due,
But (more than ever other Chiefs could
do)
In making Peace, his mighty ſelf he con-
quer'd too.

LIII.

And yet beneath his Heat of fiery War,
His Subjects happy in their Monarch made,
Securely dwelt in peaceful ſhade;
The Shelter of his Lawrels ſpread ſo far.

When *Saturn* rul'd, His Reign control'd
The happy Earth with flouriſhing days of old;
But when his Son obtain'd the Throne,
The Iron Age appears, the Golden gone.
But here, chang'd Heav'n puts on a diff'rent Brow,
The Iron Age with *Saturn* fled,
And thund'ring *Jove*, the Ruler in his ſtead,
Bleſt with his Reign, — we find the Golden Age is now.

LIV.

LIV.

Far may his Empire and his Sway extend,

May *Britain* long be his, as he is *Britain*'s Friend.

Still with ſuch Ardour may his Subjects burn,

And gen'rous Warmth, as when they ſaw him come,

With Vict'ry ſmiling on his Face, and all triumphant home.

So were they bleſt themſelves, while bleſſing his return.

When in the Streets vaſt Clowds of People ran,

Their Eyes flash Lightnings, which they bear,

And, *Io* NASSAW, oft is thunder'd in the Air,

They all shout, *Io* NASSAW, that immortal Man.

Immortal Man,—O no,—immortal God!

Whom unconcern'd, the wondring People see,

So mild he in his Chariot rode,

Spectators so admir'd him as they stood.

There was not one,—but felt the Pride of Triumph more than he.

Of what can happy *Britains* now despair,

When Peace is brought them by the God of War!

LV.

Return, ye Muſes, tune your Lyres
To ORMOND's Praiſe, his Merit this requires.
A Crown of Laurels, and of Olives mixt,
Give NASSAW firſt, but give to ORMOND next.
ORMOND, whoſe Race does, Phenix-like, ariſe,
A brighter Off-Spring when the Parent dies.
Hibernia bleſt with preſent Power,

Waits

Waits till its own lov'd ORMOND ſhall be given,

All ſeem aſſur'd that he ſhould bleſs them more;

Fonder of him—than they would be of others ſent from Heav'n.

Wielding the flaming Sword of Juſtice here,

He would the Cherub of the place appear,

This can the mighty ORMOND do,

Make it a Paradiſe, and guard it too.

Bleſt as our primitive Parents then,

Beneath his Government, and NASSAW's Reign,

The People nere would fall again;

Nor from their Seat of Bliſs would willingly be hurl'd,

Tho'

Tho' for the universal Rule of the subjected
World.

Blest are these Isles, nor shall their Blessings
cease,

While NASSAW reigns, the God of War,
and he the Prince of Peace.

FINIS.

TO THE KING.

PUT off, dread Sir, thoſe awful Looks, and ſmile,
Be only now the Glory of our Iſle.
Lay down the Terror; ſuch a Mildneſs ſhew,
As when the Captives of your Arms you view.
Thus may the Subject with the Prince confer,
What the Muſe ſpeaks, the Monarch ſtoops to hear:

Secure

Secure ſhe flies, none imps her ſacred Wings,

Free as the Winds, which bear her, on ſhe ſings,

And flutters boldly o'er the Heads of Kings.

Dares, like the Royal Bird, undaunted rove,

And plays with Light'nings, which belong to *Jove*.

The Gods allow our Off'rings ſhould be giv'n,

We ſend our Praiſe, as well as Pray'rs to Heav'n.

Ev'n the Almighty, who was all before,

Commands us Mortals to extol him more.

Not that our Thoughts his Attributes can crown,

But that he ſo may ſhed his Bleſſings down.

Thus, from our Claims to thee our Honours
ſpring,

The greateſt Conqu'rour, and the greateſt
King.

Defending ſtill what you have once reſtor'd,

You ſway your Scepter, as you wield your
Sword.

In humbleſt Thanks, and Vows, we make
return,

Heav'n beſtows Favours; Mortals Incenſe
burn.

FINIS.